

Got Milk?

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Category: SeaQuest

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-01-02 08:00:00

Updated: 2000-01-02 08:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 11:27:29

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 784

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The various crews of sQ try to film a got milk commercial

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Disclaimer: sQ is not mine. No money, I need money so if you send it to me, I'll keep it. Nya,Nya,nya.

* * *

> <p>"Okay people, let's shoot this baby and get done with it!" the director shouted to everyone who was within shouting range." Lucas! I want you to stand here annnnnd, ACTION!" <p>

"But I don't wanna do this!! I might spill the milk on a billion dollar computer, and if Bridger won't let me play games on it, then I'm certainly not doing anything with milk near it!" Lucas threw Bridger's arguments back at him, temporarily halting the commercial.

* * *

> <p>"Darwin, baby, you'll be the next Vanna! The star, everyone loves Dolphins! Now, Action!" <p>

"chitterhapppterbasgadeodjdjdjhfdsfjsdjsdjkraje" Darwin chattered.

"I thought this fish could talk!!" the director screamed.

"Only if the vocorder is turned on and dolphins are mammals." Bridger

pointed out with a smile, "And I don't think "got milk" translates very well into dolphin."

* * *

> <p>"I'm Loni Henderson, I'm here for the milk commercial." Loni walked up, a huge, perky smile plastered on her face. <p>

"Great, doll. Let's get you into makeup!"

"This is my costume?" she asked, incredulous. The costume chosen for her was a 1950's playboy bunny costume in milk white.

"Yes, ma'am, it is what the director said you were to wear." The costume girl said in a voice that brooked no argument.

"Action!"

"Everyone on seaQuest, drinks milk. Especially me!" she said in her most sensual bedroom voice, snuggling into a bed full of handsome, muscular "extras", "Rwwworrrr!"

"Okay, cut! That's a rap!" the director called to her.

"Go away, I'm busy!" Loni called back, pulling the sheets up over her.

* * *

> <p>"Next!" the assistant director called. <p>

"Security Chief Crocker, reporting. " he stood a parade rest, trying not to laugh at the short man looking up at him.

"Okay, now here's the plan!"

"I have a better idea!" roll the cameras." Crocker ordered, before taking a large breath in "One hundred bottles of milk on the wall, one hundred bottles of milk, take one down, pass it around, ninety-nine bottles of milk on the wall, ninety-nine bottles of milk!"

* * *

> <p>"Dr. Kristin Westphalen is next, maybe she'll be a bit more mature than these loons!" <p>

"Okay, let's do 'motherly', you and Lucas. ACTION!"

"If you drink milk, you can keep your baby face, Lucas, while growing big and strong."

"But I don't wanna baby face!" Lucas whined back, "and milk tastes funny!"

* * *

> <p>"Yo, man, I heard you was shootin' a commercial here, well me 'an da boys are next! I'm Tony, this here's Miguel, and Ben." <p>

"Okay, we're doing a 'bad boys drink milk' campaign for you three."

Tony and Miguel then proceeded to "rob" a convenience store and make off with the money. When they got back to their hide out "Mig, man, I'm dyin' here, what's to drink!"

Before Miguel could respond, the door was broken down by Ben and a handful of extras (minus the ones with Loni) dressed as cops. "This is the police! You are under arrest"

"Aw, man, I shoulda had some milk!"

* * *

> <p>"Okay, Mr. Brody, we've got a jungle theme for you! And Action!!" <p>

Brody, dressed in camouflage ducked and shot at bad guys off screen. Finally he stopped and sat down, "After a long hard day of fighting evil dictators in South America, I cool off with a glass of cool, refreshing milk!"

* * *

> <p>"Okay, for you Wendy, I was thinking of making you into a Deanna Troi-like woman, telepathic, smart and sexy. Let's pair you with Ford, after all, Troi was paired with the XO on Star Trek. Now thenâ€|" <p>

"I don't think so!!" Loni came stalking over from the bed, trying to zip the back of the costume up. Unfortunately the zipper was stuck. "Ford is mine you hussy!"

The long awaited cat fight ensues.

* * *

> <p>"Look, I really don't think this is going to work," Bridger started, trying to comfort the hysterical director. He was popping pills of Valium and washing them down with a large bottle of whiskey. He was shaking uncontrollably and his eyes had a glassing look to them. "Just face it, Bob, you weren't meant to be a director, now let's get you back the Oceanographic Institute nowâ€|." All of seaQuest, except Loni and Wendy who were too busy fighting, breathed a collective sigh of relief as they watched Bob loaded into the van by some over worked and under paid techies. <p>

* * *

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no offense is intended towards Bob Ballard

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End
file.